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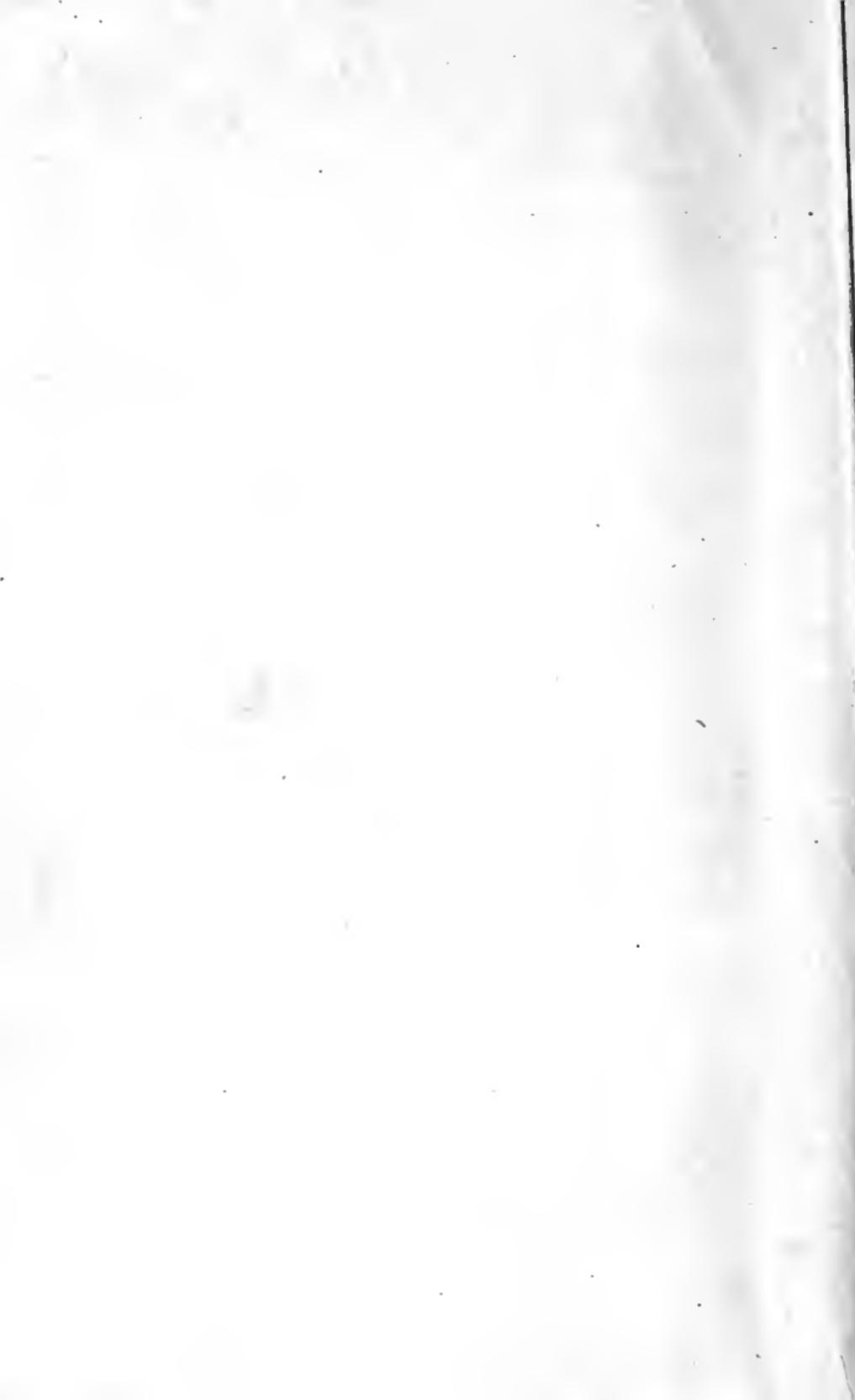


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IN CŒLO QUIES
AND
OTHER POEMS.



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OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



A. Sarah Watson
With love from Mr. E. C.
Christmas 1869.

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IN CŒLO QUIES

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

E T H E L B U R G A O. S. B.

Non nobis, non nobis Domine; sed Nomini gloriæ.

PR
4699
E 83i

TO

THOSE KIND FRIENDS

BY WHOSE GENEROUS ASSISTANCE

THIS LITTLE BOOK

HAS BEEN BROUGHT BEFORE THE PUBLIC,

IT

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

863945

LONDON:

PRINTED BY GEO. WITT, EARL'S COURT,

LEICESTER SQUARE.

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P O E M S .

IN CŒLO QUIES.

To C. H. W.

Men long and strive for love and peace,
And dimly feel they're passing by ;
Each man reads well his secret heart ;
Each knoweth where his treasures lie.
No man is there, who knoweth not
That in him there is hid a gem ;
That jewel which the King of Kings
Would set amid His diadem.

Ah, yes ! we're fierce, and restless oft,
And will not come into the light
Which God hath sent from Heaven afar,
To give our eyes, their second sight.
We cry for *rest*, with parched lip
With throbbing brow, and fever'd eye ;
We seek it, but we find it not—
Rest, ever passes mortals by !

We stretch our hands at evening hour,
Where sinks in gold the setting sun ;
We gaze, and weep heart-fever drops.
Oh, when will our night, too, come on ?

We wander through the busy streets,
 Where each man fights a fight his own ;
 And some eyes gleam with haughty life,
 And some, with trouble all unknown.

It is not *rest* to lounge at *ease*,
 'Mid luxury and princely state,
 With idle footmen at our call,
 And beggars starving at our gate.
 The loveless heart, the pomp-sick brain,
 May weary in their gold-decked cage,
 And fain change places, but for rest,
 With paupers, 'mid the snow-storm's rage.

Oh, come ! is Rest within the shade
 Of stately trees and leafy bowers,
 Within some forest, wild and wide,
 Whose glades are carpeted with flowers ;
 Where moonlight sleeps in silver floods,
 And sunshine laughs with golden flash ;
 Where summer's breeze, or winter's blast,
 Whispers a sigh, or hurls a crash ?

No ! to the forest's green arcades,
 Where beauty smiles in nature's peace,
 Man, takes his sin-stained heart and brain,
 And wars with thoughts which never cease.
 He needs must cut, and dig, and build ;
 He must have friendship with his kind ;
 So, he must needs improve on God,
 And talks about his, "mighty mind."

Well ! stand and gaze on boundless waves,
 Whereon the great ships come and go ;
 And see the smiling sunset kiss
 Their foam-crests, heaving to and fro.
 Ah ! thoughts rise up of horrid scenes,
 Of battle shouts and anguish cries,
 Where, ever restless, never still,
 Those sapphire billows fall and rise.

Ah, no ! we cannot, *cannot* rest ;
 We still obtain but still desire.
 Our phantom love eludes our grasp,
 And we burn on with quenchless fire.
 Oh, we could almost hate ; and *hate* !
 Ay, never *love*, but always *hate* !
 If we thought thus, we could exhaust
 This craving yearning of our fate.

Poor brother ! look, I raise my hand—
 I point thee to the Prince of Peace,
 And He, from out the rest of God,
 Will make thy fierce, deep longings cease.
 He'll show thee hills of purple glow,
 And tell thee, there is built thy *home* ;
 He'll *fill* the heart, God made for him,
 And then, no longer sad thou'l roam.

“ But is there then, no rest on earth ?—
 No rest, no rest, but only strife ?
 Only a hard, fierce battle here,
 That we may win eternal life ?

Is there *no* peace for toil-worn hearts,
 No fragrant love-flowers down below,
 Whose blossoms we can bind in wreaths,
 And wear, amid this world of woe?"

Oh, brother, listen! Jesus says,
He won our life upon the tree,
 And e'en on earth He gives us rest,
 In visions of the rest to be.
 But not in fairest wild-wood bowers,
 Not in the ocean, nor in air;
 Seek it not in earth's pleasure throngs—
 The blissful vision is not there.

Come, brother! let me hold thy hand,
 I'll lead thee through the city streets,
 Where, in the Sabbath morning's hush,
 No sound of busy heart-toil beats.
 Come; enter we our Father's house—
 Steal softly through the ancient door;
 With reverent step still follow on,
 And near the Altar more and more.

Oh, let us kneel within the glow,
 The bright, warm glow of sunlight glory;
 Which falleth with a solemn smile,
 Through painted lights in arches hoary.
 There, with its tapers and its flowers,
 The holy, beauteous altar stands,
 Amid the incense perfum'd clouds,
 Attended by the priestly hands.

Oh, see ! the jewelled Altar-cross
 Is flashing gem-drops, bright and clear,
 Down on the shining, snowy robes,
 And boyish faces touched with fear.

Oh, listen ! hark ! the organ tones
 Are slowly pealing through the arches,
 With solemn beats of holy joy,
 Like spirits taking up their marches.

Oh, brother weary, brother sad,
 Just raise thine eyes, and gaze awhile ;
 Look, through the chancel, through the throng,
 Up through the sunshine's beckoning smile.
 Let now thy prayer for *rest* arise
 With incense, to that glory land,
 To mingle with those purer clouds
 Swung by that mighty angel's hand.

Ah, glory vision ! blissful vision !
 We would gaze there—for ever gaze,
 Till altar, incense, storied windows,
 All mingle in one golden maze.
 Only God's own blue sky spread o'er us—
 Only the hidden heaven above,
 Till almost we perceive the glories
 Which burn around the God of Love.

Thus, rest from every toil He gives us
 Within His earthly temple grand—
 One, with that Temple built with jewels,
 Our Mother, in the morning land.

Oh, brother ! when life's day is over,
So sweetly, on that mother's breast,
With hush-notes from the angels holy,
Christ's Church will lay us down to rest.

Our bodies, in her sacred garden—
Our souls, within Her arms above,
Then sleeping, resting—happy, peaceful,
Oh, brother ! we shall bask in love.
Then, silver trumpets will awake us—
Then, Christ will smile us to His side,
And, in Her robes of glistening brightness,
His Church will reign, the Saviour's bride.

In *cœlo* quies ! Rest in heaven !
Yes, 'mid the spanless glories there,
The saints shall rest, and hear the love-tones
Which float through the celestial air.
Crosses will all be changed for crowns,
And prayers for holy praise-notes die ;
For the Church, shall fold her children in
The rest of God, and Christ on high.

“WE ARE HIS PEOPLE.”

Oh voices of the ocean waves
 In your anthems, wild and free,
 As ye chant in solemn surge-notes
 The “mystery of the sea ! ”
 Oh *soundless* voices of the stars !
 Which gem night’s purple dome,
 And glitter in those curtain folds,
 Which hide the angel’s home.

Oh storm-blast of the Equinox !
 Sweeping from pole to pole,
 And golden clouds, the home of storms
 Which o’er the horizon roll.
 Oh mighty sound of God’s own Voice,
 Hurling the thunder clap !
 Oh sun of fire, in amber tent,
 Sinking in Evening’s lap.

Oh lightnings ! with your lurid glare,
 Blazing o’er wrecks at sea ;
 Flashing on depths of black despair.
 So soon men’s graves to be.
 Oh Majesty of mighty law !
 Unvarying, tireless, grand !
 Wheel within wheel creation thro’,
 You own your Maker’s hand.

These voices tell in order due,
 Nature's obedience sweet ;
 As storm, and calm, and seasons yield,
 Homage at Jesu's feet ;
 He, living ere the ages were,
 Spoke His Almighty word,
 And earth, and sky, and waters—" were,
 For—Nothingness had heard !

Oh voices of the silver moon,
 As crescents orb, and fade ;
 Oh rosy dawn, and blaze of noon,
 And evening's violet shade !
 Oh winter ! with thy ice and cold,
 And snow flakes fluttering down ;
 Oh spring and summer gay and green,
 And autumn's golden crown.

Sweet song birds, warbling as ye build,
 Your nests in forest trees,
 Which rock you in their boughs to sleep,
 Swayed by the whispering breeze.
 Flowerets both fair, and gorgeous hued,
 The crimson and the pale,
 Flowerets which wreath the mountain's brow,
 Or blossom in the vale.

All things we see, all things we hear,
 All which, unseen, exists ;
 All that we cannot now behold,
 Because of sensual mists.

Bright jewels blazing in the mine,
 Flashing their hues unseen,
 Gold glittering in the river's course.
 Fair pearls of softened sheen.

All these are *His*, who showered them down
 On earth, and in the sea,
 “We *all* are His!” the anthem peals,
 In chorus true and free.
 But, in long, long forgotten years,
 When earth was fresh and young,
 Those words were chanted forth in pride,
 By a Nation’s joyful tongue.

He chose one nation to Himself,
 To bear His Name abroad,
 To show to wondering heathen round
 The might of Israel’s God.
 He led them from oppression’s land,
 Where men wept new made graves,
 He cleft them, for His mercy’s sake,
 A high-way thro’ the waves.

’Mid sunshine’s hours, in glistening cloud,
 He led them on their way;
 And in a pillar’d shrine of fire,
 He made the darkness, day.
 They murmured in the wilderness,
 For drink to quench their thirst;
 And from the rugged, solid rock
 He caused a stream to burst.

He fed them in that desert drear,
 With Manna—angel's bread :
 As hoar-frost fell it in the night
 O'er Israel's slumbering head.
 He spoke to them from Sinai's brow,
 While the thunder clothed His word ;
 And trembling at the mountain's base,
 Those countless thousands heard.

He gave them then, His Law Divine,
 'Mid terrors, darkness, fire !
 And He veiled His glories, while He told
 To man, his God's desire.
 He pardoned *all* their waywardness,
 And gave them Canaan's land :
 He remembered, they His chosen were
 The people of His hand.

In the temple, on His Holy Hill,
 God made an earthly shrine ;
 And between the golden Cherubim,
 He let His Presence shine.
 He was their God, and He their friend ;
 He gave them good for ill :
 But Israel only went astray,
 And would *not* do His will.

“ My prophets have they slain : ” He said,
 “ Spurning them, one by one.
 I'll send them now a Prince Divine,
 My own, Mine *only* Son.”

Oh Garden shade ! Oh Calvary's hill !
 Ye, tell that wond'rous tale,
That boundless pity, tireless, sweet ;
 That love, which could not fail.

We are His people now ! He died,
 To buy us by His pain ;
To wash us in His fount of blood,
 From every sinful stain.
He gives us crosses here below !
 But there are crowns above,
For those who resting on His Christ,
 Shall reach that land of love.

King's children ! now in hostile lands,
 Crownless, despised we roam,
Till Christ shall fold yon curtain back,
 And take us exiles home !
Then, princes shall surround their King,
 Some crowned with many a star ;
The *souls* of those they taught to sing
 " For we His people are."

STEADFASTLY.

“ Steadfast to death ! to Thee I'll give
 A crown of radiant life.”

The promise cheers the martyr's heart,
 'Mid the fiercest, deadliest strife.
 Steadfast to death ! and then above,
 In peace he'll wear the prize,
 Which angel friends unseen by men,
 Show to his dying eyes.

'Tis his by right ; the Advocate
 Will make his title good,
 Pleading His merits when on earth,
 In sinner's stead He stood.
 Ay ! very man, before the throne,
 The God-man pleads His death,
 Which won those crowns He now bestows,
 On such as keep “ the faith.”

The Sacred Heart of Jesus knows,
 The horrors of that Foe
 Whose brows are with dark terrors wreathed,
 Who lays the haughtiest low.
 Christ, God and man, hath lived, and died,
 Steadfast to one great end ;
 And *risen*, conquering death, to be,
 Still, the lost “ sinner's friend.”

Steadfast to death ! when Christ was born,

His errand from on high,

Gave Him no purpose for His life,

So great as that, to *die*.

Men will to *live*, and aim to do

Great things while here on earth,

But Jesus came to shed His blood ;

'Twas His mission from His birth.

He left His lofty throne, high piled,

'Mid uncreated light,

And stooped to save this puny world,

A speck before His sight.

Yon glittering stars, as trembling lamps,

He set their fires on high,

To seem as angel eyes to men,

Smiling from out the sky.

The lightnings were His fiery swords,

The thunders were His voice ;

Before His state Dominions bowed,

And cherubim rejoiced.

He had been—from the eternal years,—

Hid in the Father's breast ;

Dwelling where fadeless splendours blaze,

Amid perpetual rest.

All this He left to save a world,

A virgin's Child to be ;

And live despised, a Nazarine, . . .

In poor obscurity.

Yet in His Form, the God-head dwelt,
 His, was Omniscient ken,
 Which read the heart, and not the face,
 When He gave praise to men.

He, from the little manger-crib,
 Saw straight to Calvary's hill ;
 He saw the cross of shame and woe,
 Veiled in the distance still ;
 He saw the sadness and the tears,
 Of that dread garden shade,
 Where He drank deep, the Cup of Wrath,
 And for assistance prayed.

The Jordan with its hollow moan,
 Murmured beside the way ;
 And earth's flowers in their prism hues,
 Transfixed the sun's bright ray.
He walked among them to His death ;
 Crushing the lilies down ;
 Steadfast, that *He* would bear the cross,
 And give to us the crown.

By Jericho, He gracious heard
 The blind man's piteous prayer,
 Which reached His Ear above the crowd
 Pressing around Him there.
He was a man, a woe-worn *man*,
 Yet light obeyed His word,
 And when *He* willed those blind eyes sight,
 The sun's glad beams had heard.

Steadfast to doom ! He knew the end,
Had counted all the cost,
Before He left the morning land
To seek and save the lost.
Steadfast to death ! that gentle face
Was set, determined, pale,
As to His cross, that fair spring day,
Christ passed thro' Jordan's vale.

CANDLE-MASS DAY.

To-day the Church her candles burns
In memory of that time,
When to His Temple, Mary brought
Her Son, *the Light* Divine.

A Light to lighten Gentile minds,
And Israel's glory be ;
The *Day-spring*, from the eternal Day,
Is that young child we see.

Poor is the lovely mother-maid,
Yet the "handmaid" of the Lord ;
Lo ! in her arms that Virgin pure,
Doth bear the Incarnate Word.

Worthy of love from all earth's sons,
Art thou, blest Virgin one !
While we eternal homage pay,
To thine Eternal Son !

SEPTUAGESIMA.

A Fountain from God's Altar springs,
 And through the valley flows ;
 The thirsting earth the moisture drinks—
 Life ! is where'er it goes.

Our ears have heard the rushing sound
 Our eyes have seen the shade,
 Which over all the thorny waste
 The giant Rock hath made.

Oh, Saviour ! we Thy beauty own,
 We to that Rock would flee !
 Let us before Thine Altar bow,
 And there Thy Presence see.

In solemn Fast, with tender hand,
 Do Thou our hearts prepare,
 For Easter triumph, Easter joy,
 And Thine own glory fair.

SEXAGESIMA.

The “Lord’s Day” is done !
It is over, and ended ;
Its last happy hours
Have silently wended
Their flight from this earth,
And its great congregations,
Where He has been preached,
The Desire of the Nations.

Yes, we have been straying
Mid Eden below,
Where queen lilies spotless,
And red roses blow.
The Church is the garden,
The Saints are the flowers,
Gathered close round that Palace
With ivory towers.

We love, and we prize it,
The Sabbath below,
For in it the Master
His presence doth show.
Oh, who could be gloomy,
Who is it repines,
When over His garden
Our Righteousness shines ?

The Way—over Jordan,
To glory in heaven !
The Truth and the Life,
Which Jehovah hath given.
Our Peace and our Safety !
Our God and our King !
Is that Jesus, our Saviour,
Whose praises we sing.

Another fair leaflet
To-day hath been twined,
'Mid the stars, gems and lilies,
And laurels combined ;
Which we'll lay at His feet,
As we bow at His throne,
To whom shall be homage
For ever alone !

QUINQUAGESIMA.

“ Jesu ! Jesu ! passing by,
Hear a poor blind beggar’s cry ! ”
Hark ! upon the sultry air
Comes the suppliant’s pleading prayer.
Will He hear him, mid the loud
Shouting of that joyous crowd ?
“ Jesus ! Jesus ! passing near,
Jesus ! Son of David ! hear ! ”
And our Master halts we see,
“ Bring him hither unto Me.”
Yes, *our* Jesus, standing still,
Bids the blind man tell his will.
Jesus ! Lord of earth and Heaven,
Unto Thee all might is given ;
Every hidden ill is known,
Thou dost *feel* for us alone.
He has heard men say, the sun
Is gorgeous in his heavenly run ;
And, that the bright, silvery moon
Is very fair to look upon.
That she, in night’s peaceful sky,
Gazeth from her court on high,

Smiling o'er the dreaming world,
'Mid her cloudy banners furled.
Tinted flowers and palm trees green,
Others say, their *eyes* have *seen* !
Vales and mountains, ocean's waves,
Which the rocky sea coast lave :
And of sights, that vision blest,
Royal Jerusalem of rest ;
With her temple, and her towers
Gleaming white through palm tree bowers.
Thoughts like these the blind man had,
As he raised his eye-balls sad
To King Jesu's face divine,
Beanteous in His love sublime.
"Lord, I would receive my sight."
And the Saviour's Hand of might
Reached, and touched the suppliant there ;
So, our Jesus answers prayer !
Once before, Christ Jesu's word,
Chaos, night, and darkness heard.
Now, upon that shrouded sight,
Rushed God's golden glory—Light !
Jesu, dearest, passing by,
Hear we sinful mortals' cry ;
Shine Thou on us from above,
Cheer our souls with sweetest love ;
For we love *Thee*, Jesu, sweet,
As we bow before Thy feet !
Then "stand still" a little while,
Just smile on us, Thine own dear smile.

And earth's darkness and unrest,
Shall, as clouds, forsake our breast ;
And we, lifting up our eyes
To that place where blessing lies,
Shall perceive no mortal by,
But worship, "Jesus only," nigh.

“ INTO THE WILDERNESS APART.”

We from the world would turn aside,
 For, 'tis the Sunday, First in Lent;
 We in our Lord's dear steps would tread,
 And follow where our Jesus went.

From Jordan's sweet spring flowery banks
 The Spirit led Him up—and up;
 To drink, there in the wilderness,
 His Father's dread, wrath mingled cup.

That Spirit, with the Godhead One,
 Takes up the Christ—God Man, the Son.
 He, tempted for us, overcame,
 We, resting on Him, overcome.

Yes, we would turn, great God, and leave
 The din and jar, the toil and strife;
 Between the porch and altar weep,
 And pray to Thee, to grant us life!

This is the Sabbath, first in Lent!
 And cloister bells chime thro' the air,
 While holy monk, and holy nun,
 Each sing the miserere prayer.

Through cloisters white with moonbeams sweet,
The organ notes peal soft and still :
Bearing those orisons above,
Whose plaintive chants the midnight fill.

We would with joy this world forsake,
We to some cloister fain would go ;
To live with our sweet Jesus there,
And be as *dead* to all below.

Oh, if we could find grace to leave
This glare of earth ! (but hearts are weak)
We should our "Jesus only" see,
Alone in silence hear Him speak.

Ah ! Lent is come ! it will pass out,
And leave us still moored to earth's strand,
Or waft us o'er Time's heaving sea.
Nearer the dear, fair, Heaven land !

REFLECTION SUNDAY.

“ There is *trouble* on the sea ! ”
 Sang the prophet old and grand ;
 Yet Christ Jesus passes o’er,
 Guiding to the restful land.
 Multitudes that Pilot guides
 To yon haven, fair and green ;
 Barren sands, steep rocks are here—
 Wild, tossing surges roll between.

Yes ; o’er life’s uncertain main
 Jesus passeth, for our sake ;
 Scorn and malice, pain and woe,
 He endured our *peace* to make.
 Then, on awful Calvary’s hill,
 Was the cross for Jesus raised,
 And creation all was hushed
 While His Soul was sore amazed.

Now, amid supernal light,
 At “ our Father’s ” own right Hand,
 Jesus *lives*, to plead for those
 Who follow from this alien strand,
 Some in boats, and some in ships ;
 Yet we *all* are following Thee,
 Steering where Thy white sails guide :
 Soon we must Thy haven see.

SOUND AN ALARM!

“ In the Mountain of the Lord
Sound ye the alarm !
Let the blast be long and shrill—
Full the air with warning fill ;
Tell of coming harm.

“ Not out in the desert wild,
But in My holy hill,
Where the people of My choice
Praise My love with willing voice ;
Bid them hear My will.

“ They are sleeping. Rouse them, then !
Let them know the trumpet call !
Telleth *enemies* are near ;
For arm'd shall all My saints appear,
Guarding Salem's walls.”

PASSION SUNDAY.

Passion Sunday ! through white pillars
Winds the long procession slow ;
The sunbeams smile through weeping shadows ;
The Cross is draped in veil of woe.

Minor chants are wierdly pealing
Down the dim cathedral aisle,
While from hearts that truly love Thee
Passion-notes are wept the while.

Many lips will sing the anthems ;
Few true hearts will feel the woe,
Which is sighing, mourning, sobbing,
Through the minor's wailing flow.

Passion Sunday ! we will love thee,
Though thou speak in sad, hushed tones ;
For we know our Easter anthems,
Jesus purchased by His groans.

LINES ON A PASSION SUNDAY SERMON.

To M. P. K.

“ He was despiséd ! ” sang the seer,
 And the words all hidden lay ;
 Till now we read their meaning right,
 In the light of Gospel day.
 “ *He* ” was the Great Eternal God,
 Who reigneth evermore ;
 Whose Eye the Limitless doth scan,
 From viewless shore to shore.

In Eden—perfect Paradise,
 God placed His creature, *man* :
 While, thro’ the shining hosts above,
 The sounds of triumph ran.
 His voice pronounced him “ very good ! ”
 The morning stars they sang,
 And, through the constellated fires
 The angels’ anthems rang.

Man lived !—nor tired his mighty powers,
 Sinless, and undefiled ;
 And in the evening’s hushful hours,
 God conversed with His child.

But oh ! o'er Eden's lovely flowers,
 The serpent's trail, there went,
 For rebels to that loyal home
 Their great Commander sent.

Then CURSES—from the God of Love
 Startled those violet shades !
 Yes ! curse ! curse ! thro' sweet Eden rang,
 O'er the creatures God had made.
 Then, joy to woe gives silent place,
 And smiles all faded lie ;
 For the Lips of Truth pronounce the doom
 That man, shall *surely* die !

Oh, Mercy ! in thy silvery robe
 Standing before the Lord ;
 Pleading for Man, the lost, undone,
 Sheathing the Justice sword !
 Sweet Mercy pleads that star-brow'd hope !
 Be sent to cheer the lost ;
 To shine with tiniest, faintest gleam,
 O'er those spirits, trouble-tost.

Not Gabriel, "the strength of God,"
 Robed in Archangel might,
 Offered himself to bear man's doom,
 Or Michael, Prince of Light !
 Oh, no ! not glittering angel ranks,
 Bowing before the throne,
 Could bear the sentence passed by God,
 To rest on Man alone.

A man had lost, a *man* must save !
 Wisdom devised a plan,
 And God would His own sentence bear,
 Robed in the flesh of Man.
 The Father spoke, the Almighty “Word !”
 From His viewless, holiest shrine ;
 “*I* come to do Thy will,” Christ said,
 “Father, Thy will is Mine !”

A Lily’s chalice held the dew
 Sent to refresh the earth ;
 And Seraph choirs amid the sky,
 Sang “peace” at Jesus’ birth.
 He came—to *save*, He lived—to *bless*,
 He met with scorn, despite,
 For men had grown to love the dark,
 And did not like the light.

The prophets’ high and holy line
 Had ended ere He came ;
 Isaiah’s visions, true and grand,
 Ezekiel’s dreams of flame.
He was “the Shepherd” who should feed
 His flock with gentle hand ;
 And *He* the “Glory of the Lord,”
 Spread out o’er Judah’s land.

He was *despised* ! That awful voice
 Which hushed the ocean’s roar,
 As lashed by stormy winds it roll’d
 Its billows on the shore,

Could speak in gentle, winning tones,
 To hearts with sorrow wrung,
 And breathe its tender “ go in peace,”
 As though an angel sung.

He was *despised*!—a lowly man,
 Of lordly, humble mien ;
 Yet He was Very God, from God!
 The Deity unseen.

He had no servants—but the hosts
 Of angels owned His will,
 And flew with swift obedience
 His mandates to fulfil.

He was despised !—to-day begins
 His Passion, awful drear ;
 To-day, He goes to meet His *death*,
 And knoweth it is near.
 To-day, the Church flings o'er the Cross
 A veil of sombre woe ;
 And weeping thro' the shaded aisles,
 Sobs the minor's wailing flow.

He *was* despised ? He *is* despised !
 By those He came to save
 From Satan's tyranny and woe,
 And death beyond the grave.
 The church says, “ hush ! ” the world laughs on :
 “ What matters it ? ” they cry ;
 “ Come, let us now enjoy our life,
 To-morrow—lo ! we *die* ! ”

Oh thorn crowned brow, with death-dew damp
 Oh face, with anguish pale!
Oh Man of men ! whose human heart
 Doth neither faint nor fail !
Oh Very God of Very God,
 Whose death will be our life ;
To-day Thou goest to Thy Cross,
 Prepared to wage the strife.

PALM SUNDAY.

Sweetly, a song pealeth out from beyond ;
 Sweetly, soft organ chords chime and respond ;
 Sweetly, the sound floateth down the long Nave,
 Clearer and louder, and wave upon wave.

See ! a procession winds round by the arch ;
 Bright golden censers, swing time to the march.
 Hark ! how the shrill, childish voices, they sing
 Hosannah ! to Jesus, the Priest and the King.

Yet it is sad, this procession with palms,
 For a chill, mournful tone steals thro' their psalms,
 As they remember Christ's triumph was brief,
 And that the King rode but surely to grief.

Children of yore called their Saviour, their King,
 And down before Him palm trophies did fling ;
 But, He was crownéd with thorn wreaths alone,
 And the bare cross, was upreared for His throne.

As this sweet march-song falls down on our ears,
 Up through the triumph-tide welleth the tears.
 'Tis a bright gleam ; but *death's* darkness is drear ;
 And when *it* fades, the last storm will draw near !

Whitely the robes gleam amid the dim aisle ;
 Sweetly the winter beams touch them, and smile ;
 Glinting those sceptres of feathery palm,
 Kissing the priestly brow, lofty and calm.

Then at the Rood-screen they pause, and exclaim,
“Who is the Glory King?—tell us His name?”
And the Priest answers, “The Lord—He is King!
Lift up, ye golden gates; He shall come in.”

Thus it is ended. The sunshine is gone;
Faded the triumph-flash—night cometh on.
Lo! on the Altar the Priest lays his palm,
And, *miserere*, moans out through the calm!

EASTER.

Alleluia ! hark it ringeth
 Thro' the white robed childish choir
 Alleluia ! joy it bringeth,
 And our souls with love aspire.

Love, to Him who rose this morning,
 Sleep refreshed, from earth's cold bed ;
 Which, spring's fair, sweet flowers adorning,
 Pillowed the tired Saviour's Head.

Lilies bending where He slumbered,
 Stood as gleaming tapers tall ;
 While the celandine unnumbered,
 Gemmed with stars the rocky wall.

When He rose, the silver chiming,
 Rang from out those fairy bells,
 And the seraph joy-notes timing,
 Floated on the breezes' swells.

Holy Church is ever singing,
 At this mighty Easter feast ;
 And Her Alleluias ringing,
 Praise Her Saviour, King, and Priest.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Beneath the banner of the Cross,
 Earth's weary ones will rest in peace ;
 For Thou shalt hear the tempest's roar,
 And bid its turbid surging cease.

The symbol of Thy Holy Cross
 Was seal'd on their infant brow,
 Confirm'd in their later years,
 The Cross, is shadowed o'er them now.

The sun's hot glare from noon-day skies,
 Maketh it fall distinct and clear ;
 The glimmering of the silver moon,
 Still sweetly proves the *substance* near.

Oh peaceful Cross ! hail ! starry Crown !
 One is ours now—one soon will be.
 O ! let us follow where that leads,
 Then crown our heads to bow to Thee.

After the storm, there comes a calm,
 After drear death, breaks radiant life ;
 After a while will trials cease ;
 Keep us oh Saviour 'mid the strife.

Help us beneath earth's darkness Lord,
 To neither faint, nor swerve, nor fail ;
 Let light with shadows trace our path,
 And at its close, oh ! lift the veil.

In life's last hours, in death's stern fears,
Hold high Thy cross to failing eyes :
Clasp ours in Thy pierced hands, O ! Christ,
And *lead* us, when life's sunshine dies.

CONSOLATION.

We suffer below with the sweet consolation,
 " We have sympathy true with our Jesus above ;"
 Pressing on to the goal of our blood-bought salvation,
 The courts of His triumph, the home of His love.

Arrayed in His armour, and ready for warfare,
 We watch night and day with the sword in our hand ;
 For Satan's dark hosts, and his legions of air,
 Beset the rough road to the Heavenly Land.

But patience ye pilgrims ; your Lord's in your prison ;
 Soon He'll lead you apart where the world cannot see,
 And show you in dreams, in a bright, wistful vision,
 The orchards and bowers in the land of the free.

Where the apple-trees bow 'neath their treasures so golden,
 And the sunshine abides on the emerald sward ;
 Where the sweet lily-bells droop, in slumber enfolden,
 And ring vesper-chimes to the Voice of their Lord .

For the Lord will then give thee His sweet consolation,
 And point thee to hills wrapped in mist touch'd with flame ;
 Behind which lie the homes, for the heirs of salvation,
 And the rest for the saints who are called by His Name.

And when the blest vision has faded and vanished,
 Thou seest the Evening Star rise in the sky,
 And thou knowest, not long in the land of the banished,
 Shalt thou stay, whose place is in regions on high.

And then, when the waters of Jordan are surging,
Sore battling, thou callest thy Jesus, thy Love;
He will guard thee, till safe from the foam-wave emerging,
Then crown thee with life in His kingdom above.

And there, on His bosom, through ne'er-ceasing ages,
Thou wilt hear the sweet throb-notes of love in His Voice,
And gaze on that sea where no storm ever rages,
Round which the archangels, and angels rejoice.

And walking in white through the groves of the palm,
Like the diadem'd saints, with gemmed coronal rare.
Thou wilt list to those anthems which ceaselessly roll
From that jewel-built Temple, the perfect, the fair.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The gothic, arched Cathedral Choir,
'Tis a spot of holy ground ;
Deep shadows trail along the floor,
Hushed silence sleeps around.
The antique stalls of quaint device,
The traceried carving rare,
The Corona, and its gleaming lights,
The many tinted air :
All makes one think of ghostly things,
And lifts our thoughts from earth ;
This is a place for holy dreams,
And gives grand feelings birth.

Slowly the white-robed choristers
Enter with reverent pace ;
And with the purple chancel light,
Awe touches each young face.
With scarce the rustle of a robe,
They glide the marble o'er,
As angels enter in a dream
Through some dark phantom door.
The sun encouched on sunset clouds,
Flings richest colours there,
To mingle with the wreathing smoke,
In the incense-clouded air.

Then, in a tone of untold power
 The organ note is heard ;
 And one young voice begins the song,
 And chants the Sacred word.
 O ! surely of the sights and sounds
 Which men may see or hear,
 No earthly sweetness can surpass
 The music of that prayer !
 In swelling flood of harmony,
 The melody rolls on ;
 Till, with the crashing organ chords,
 The mighty Psalm is gone.

Up ! thro' the high and fretted roof,
 Up ! to those courts on high !
 The band of mortal singers here,
 To sinless choirs reply.
 One "Holy ! Holy ! Holy, Lord !"
 Peals down the earthly fane ;
 And "Holy ! Holy ! Holy, Lord !"
 Ring celestial harps again.
 And when time's moments spread their wings,
 And pictured glories fade,
 As the vestal orb shines o'er the one,
 Whose ransom God hath paid,

Listen ! the love of *Love* they sing,
 Angels bend smiling down ;
 And clasping holy hands of peace,
 Form of that hymn, a *crown* !

Holding it o'er the white-robed choir,
Heaven's seraphs fold their wings;
And the crown of praise glows bright with gems,
While the blood-bought concourse sings.

And when the last "Amen" is breathed,
And the stalls deserted stand,
Then, forth from the archéd chancel door,
Sweep that glistening angel band;
And soaring where no mortal dare,
O'er hills of amber fire,
They bear the glittering, praise-gemmed crown,
From the old Cathedral choir.

EVEN-SONG.

Sunday evening ! through the stillness
 Of the spirit-calming air,
 Hark ! the bells, their clarions pealing,
 Call us to the house of prayer.
 Flashing lights, and thrilling music,
 Shades of evening, creeping round ;
 Snowy robes, and angel faces,
 Set within the chancel bound.

Hush of prayer, and words of pardon,
 Trembling on the holy air,
 Mingling with the wreathing incense
 From the golden censer there.
 Miserere ! of confession ;
 Alleluia ! of the Psalm ;
 Waves of sound, like gentle breezes,
 Lulling us to sweetest calm.

Cheerful words of hope and counsel
 From that Record God hath given,
 Softly read, and lowly uttered,
 By the ambassador of heaven ;
 Benediction from the Altar ;
 “Amen !” floating down the aisle ;
 Golden harps from angel fingers,
 Echo to the sounds the while.

Vespers o'er ! the Sunday ended !
Stars bestud the purple dome ;
Soft white wings, the pathway cleaving
Bear God's angels to His home.
May we too, O Holy Jesus !
Endless Alleluias sing,
Low before Thy glory, bow we,
Worship we, our Saviour King.

“ THEY HAVE NO WINE.”

Our hearts are weak and faint, Lord Christ,
We cannot come to Thee ;
Else should we feel Thy healing touch,
Thy Royal Beauty see.

But show us, Lord, our deep, stern need,
Shine on us, Light Divine !
Then we shall take Thy offered grace,
And drink the Sacred Wine.

A CONFIRMATION POEM.

The organ tones pealed loud and clear,
 From out the traceried chamber dim,
 And many voices sang the hymn,
 In tones of awe, and sacred fear.

The great Cross glittered on before,
 And pointed towards the far-off skies
 Where royal Crowns shall be the prize
 When all life's battle strife is o'er.

Kneeling without the Chancel bounds,
 Were youths, with faces frank and bright;
 And choirs of Maidens veiled in white;
 Whose voices swelled those joyful sounds.

And while the Litany was said,
 Still bowed they, where the shadows slept;
 And where the hushful chanting swept,
 While sunshine floated over head.

Beyond the Arch, a priestly band,
 A good, Chief Pastor's hands sustained ;
 A man of lofty faith unfeigned,
 The Prelate of a foreign land.

Then one by one, no hurried crowd,
 The children to that Bishop knelt ;
 By each his gentle touch was felt,
 As silently to Heaven they vowed.

In *silence*, came the Spirit's Gift,
 Of Strength and Wisdom from Above ;
 Of Counsel, Godliness and Love,
 On wings of Faith the Soul to lift.

As sunbeams in the morning rise,
 And *noiselessly*, awake our earth,
 By bright, mysterious, soundless birth,
 Shot from a sun in other skies,

So, *silently* ; and sightless too,
 The Spirit's Strength to them was given ;
 Shining from out the hidden heaven,
 Unseen by blinded, mortal view.

The Baptistry in shadows lay,
 Where His first work of love was done ; . .
 Now, years of infancy have run,
 The babes, are youths and maids to-day.

The Church now draws them further in,
 Still closer to Her loving arms,
 To keep them safe from all alarms
 And sheltered from the storms of sin.

One other step when this is o'er,
 Will lead them to Her holiest Place,
 To there receive their Saviour's grace,
 In Food, which Angels hunger for.

Yes ! as the Sunbeam's tinted shower,
 Poured silent baptism of light
 Touching with beauty robes of white.
 So, *silent*, came the Spirit's power.

And each one left the Bishop's feet,
 Confirmed by " Laying on of Hands,"
 Bound closer in the Church's bands,
 And fettered by obedience sweet.

Strengthened, to meet the hosts of Ill,
 Strengthened, to fight against the foe,
 Strengthened, to calmly bow to woe,
 Strengthened, to work their Father's Will.

Enlightened, by the Lord of Light,
 By that bright, gladsome Spring of Day,
 Which gleameth o'er the Peaceful Way,
 And helps men to perceive the right.

Endowed with Comfort, Counsel, Peace,
 And every other gift and grace,
 To strengthen them to run the race,
 And gain that goal, where troubles cease.

O ! holy Confirmation Hour !
 Once coming only, in a life
 To raise Christ's Standard mid Earth's strife,
 And bid us stem Temptation's power !

Those waves of harmony have died
 Which lately echoed thro' the aisles,
 All mingling with the Sunshine smiles,
 Which poured o'er all in golden tide.

Yes, they have died ; but ever more,
 Their memories will fill the soul,
 As Ocean surge-notes faintly roll,
 When no proud billows lash the shore.

And they will sound, till strife be done,
 And never, never, pass away,
 Until, amid the Nightless Day,
 The Diadem of Life be won.

Until, within the Perfect Land
 War's armour shall be laid aside
 And those who fought here, side by side,
 Shall worship mid the Seraph band.

Then, from amid that white-winged Choir,
 Where evermore, the Saved shall sing,
 Shall mighty Alleluias ring,
 And anthems loud, which ne'er shall tire.

Now, Glory to the Father's Might,
 Love, and Dominion to the Son,
 Praise to that Spirit with Them One,
 Eternally, enshrined in Light !

AN ALLEGORY.

To F. M. F.

Thro' the garden of a king,
 Walked the princess, passing fair ;
 Snowy robes her form enwrapped,
 Flashing jewels, decked her hair.
 Early morning's rosy smile
 Filled the glades with lovely flush,
 Pink and silver, wreathed the mists,
 Tinted with Aurora's blush.

Downcast were the maiden's eyes
 As she wandered thro' the bowers ;
 As she paused, and paused again,
 Lingering 'mid those sweet, fair flowers.
 An oblation she required
 To present a Royal Guest ;
 For, within her Palace halls,
 Was a Stranger, taking rest.

“ All are beauteous : ” mused the maid,
 As she wandered through the grove ;
 “ All are perfumed, all are choice,
 Beauty blooms were e'er I rove.
 But, what present can I give,
 Which shall cost *me* e'en a sigh ?
 How can *I* an offering make
 Worthy of this Prince so high !

“ He, comes from some distant land,
 Where unrivalled beauties dwell ;
 And where music’s softest tones,
 Ever on the breezes swell.
 He has all that I can give,
 Tho’ a coronet is mine ;
 Tho’, about my poorest zone,
 Adamantine jewels shine.

But He says He only cares
 For the homage of the soul,
 For He sitteth on a throne
 At whose base all treasures roll.
 Yet I *must*, express my love
 To this Prince Who saved our crown ;
 And I must, at His kind feet,
 Lay somewhat I value, down.”

She had paused beside a bower
 Where attended by all care
 Bloomed one Flower of foreign birth
 Valued o’er all flowerets there.
 And the youthful Princess bowed
 Lower still, her veilèd head ;
 And her jewelled hands were clasped,
 As she murmuring softly, said,

“ Years ago, Court-gossips tell,
 To my Sire, there came a Guest
 Clad in mystery of love,
 With a red-cross on his breast.

And he said he came from far,
 On a mission from his King,
 Who was ever throned in Light,
 High o'er every earthly thing.

“ And this King had sent a Seed,
 Which he said would bear a flower ;
 And the Stranger set it here,
 By my queenly mother's bower.
 Much she loved thee, mystic thing !
 Much I prize thee, for her sake ;
 Oft she told me of thy birth,
 Often of thy mystery spake.

For, if once thy flower is culled,
 Never wilt thou bloom again ;
 All our skill will be as nought,
 All our care will be, but vain.
 And, sweet, beauteous, graceful bell,
 Thou art Charm of love and peace ;
 While thou liv'st, *I* ne'er can grieve
 And my joys must still increase.

Yet this Princee, He might be pleased,
 With a Talisman so fair ;
 For thy beauty doth surpass
 Ivory carving, frail and rare.
 Still, if I thy blossom cull,
 I must feel a deep, keen pang,
 As if, thro' my troubled soul,
 Thrice my spirit's death-bell rang.

“ Still, I'll bravely give thee up,
 And I'll tell thy mystic birth ;
 Then this Prince will see that I
 Make Him Sacrifice of worth.
 All my happiness for life,
 I shall thus fling at His feet ;
 For, when thou art dead will die,
 All that joy, to me so sweet.

“ But He's been a friend in woe,
 He has helped us in alarm
 And by His strong arm of skill,
 Shielded us from war, and harm.
 Now He comes to tarry here,
 In my father's Court awhile ;
 And when all their rich gifts bring,
 I will lay thee down, and smile ! ”

Then the Princess kissed the Flower,
 Gently, sadly, broke its stem ;
 And made casket of her hands
 To enshrine her floral gem.
 Still the early Sunshine smiled,
 Still the Summer breezes swept
 Perfume from the Lily-groves,
 Which bright crystal dewdrops wept.

Through them, she went slowly back,
 To her palace near at hand,
 And she bore her treasure home
 Past the nobles of her land.

When at eventide sweet sounds
 Told of coming mirthful hours,
 And when countless twinkling lamps,
 Sparkled in acacia howers,

Came the Princess—splendour robed,
 Jewel-crowned and stately brow'd :
 Stepping with a regal grace
 Thro' the grandeur of the crowd.
 In her eyes no joy-smiles leaped,
 Only deep, grave *Peace* was there
 As for Sceptre of her state,
 Bore she that pale Blossom rare.

At the lowest crystal step,
 Knelt she at the Prince's feet,
 And 'mid jewels, crowns and swords,
 Laid the fairy Floweret sweet.
 And the great Prince smiling said,
 “ Maiden ! rightly hast thou done !
 Thou has sacrificed thy—all !
 Thou hast perfect favor won.

Henceforth, in—its Native Land,
 This celestial thing shall bloom ;
 And shall be thy Star of love,
 Brightly gleaming thro' the gloom.
 Murmur not youth's joy, is gone,
 It shall live beyond the skies
 And thy heart shall ever be
 Where thy only treasure lies

Thou hast but—returned, the gift,

Which I once sent down to thee :

I will plant it back again,

Near my Throne of purity."

Then the Prince smiled graciously

On the Princess kneeling there ;

And He took her votive gift

To His own, kind, sheltering care.

When long years had flitted past,

Came the Maid at His behest,

To receive her joy again,

In the Prince's Home of Rest.

Then He took her Flower of Love

Which she once to Him had given ;

And He placed it o'er her brow

'Mid the majesty of Heaven.

THE CHURCH'S STORY.

When the quickly short'ning days,
When the sun's enfeebled rays,
Tell the year is dying fast,
And that time is hastening past,
Then, the Church's New Year's Day,
Dawneth 'mid earth's shadows grey,
And again begins Her tale,
Which can never tire, nor fail.
With the blast of Clarion loud,
Peals her voice through earth's gay crowd ;
And those trumpet-notes so shrill,
With war-tones, the echoes fill.

She, would 'mid the waning days
Hush Her children's songs of praise
Raise Her Battle-standard high,
And send forth a danger cry.
“ Sleepers wake ! ! the Saviour meek
Cometh soon, His own to seek ;
With a pageantry of light,
Compassed by all power and might.
He is coming as a King ;
And will great deliverance bring
To the ones who own His Name
Who his great salvation claim.”

“ Christians sleeping in the earth,
 Ye shall rise to heavenly birth :
 With your bodies glorified,
 To His Beauteous Form allied
 But, not only shall He come
 To take all His loved ones home,
 Lo ! the Throne for *Judgment* set !
 And the host together met.”

“ See ! the heavens are wrapped in flame !
 Earth dissolveth in the same.
 Oceans with an awful roar,
 Burst their bounds and flood the shore.
 Mountains fall, and plains arise ;
 Clouds are burning in the skies.
 Cries of deep, and wild despair
 Fill the danger laden air ;
 And thro’ all, the Ransomed sing
 Alleluias to the King.”

“ Right before the Great White Throne,
 Gleams His Sign, Who sits there-on
 For, upon the dazzling height,
 Shines the Cross, with radiance bright !
 Sinner ! from that Judgment Day
 Not one soul shall flee away.
 Thou *must* stand before that Throne,
 Trembling, naked, all alone !

“Thou, must meet the Judge’s Eye,
 Thou, must bear His scrutiny ;
 And must hear Him sternly say,
 ‘You I know not—pass away !’
 Mercy’s Day—? It all is gone !
 Now, is set the Judgment Throne :
 And the unrenewed in heart,
 Shall to misery depart.”

“ Hideous caverns of despair,
 Clouds of fiery, sulphur’ous air,
 Yells from tortured souls within,
 Bound in chains of death and sin,
 These affright thy shuddering soul :
 And, while muttering thunders roll,
 Angels drive thee from the Light,
 Down, down, down, to outer Night !

“ Sleepers ! wake ! His Advent hour
 Surely comes, with awe and power.
 But, while grace do’th yet endure,
 Make thou thy salvation sure.
 Once already, Christ has come,
 And has paid Redemption’s sum.
 Sinner ! seek His patient Face,
 Come and take His offered grace.
 Hold thou by the Church’s hand,
 She will lead to His bright Land.”

Thus, thro' Advent's solemn time,
 Pleads the Church in every clime,
 Bidding men prepare to meet,
 Jesus, on His Judgment-seat.
 But amid her trumpet notes,
 Soon a softer strain there floats ;
 Under star-lit skies there steals
 Chime-songs from a thousand peals.

Lights upon the Altar gleam ;
 Music flows in rapturous stream ;
 Priestly robes are glistening white,
 Jewels flash their colored light,
 As thro' midnight's silent air,
 Incense rises up with prayer,
 Midnight ! and with solemn smile,
 Holy Church doth pause awhile ;
 For to Her, heaven's angels sing
 Of the birth of Christ the King.

Heaven's door is open wide
 Through it streams resplendent tide
 From the sea of light above
 From the ocean of God's Love.
 Then, the Church's mother-voice,
 Bids Her faithful ones rejoice
 That the Prince of Peace is born,
 That She has, a Christ-Mass morn !

Then She bendeth o'er that bed,
 Where is laid the Infant Head,
 And She worships at His Feet
 As she gives Her offerings sweet.
 Later, in the Temple grand
 She observes a lowly band,
 Song of exultation hears,
 Mingled with the prophet-fears,
 To the Blessed Mother-maid
 Who her offering poor hath paid.
 He to Whom she strength affords
 Is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
 "Jesus" they name Him; for that He
 Shall *Saviour*, of His people be.

Then, She pointeth to those skies
 Where that mystic Star doth rise;
 And telleth how the Gentiles see,
 The Light of His Epiphany.
 In Mary's care, she says He grew
 In wisdom, and in stature too.
 And Her Master's childhood's days
 Sings the Church, in sweetest lays.

But, a minor-tone of woe
 Thro' Her Anthem soon doth flow,
 For, she sees a struggle near,
 And her gentle voice, men hear,
 Saying, "Hush! till won our peace
 Alleluias, all shall cease.

Now draws nigh a battle hour,
 When the subtle Tempter's power
 Shall our Righteousness assail
 Shall for ever fall, and fail.

“ Hush then ! let us watch our King
 O'er temptation triumphing :
 He for us doth fight the fight,
 He will arm us with His might.”
 Hushed is now the organ's tone
 Trembling voices sing alone.
 Down the chilly, dreary Nave,
 Moans, the miserere's wave.

Darker clouds close o'er His Soul,
 Darker waters nearer roll ;
 Stricken for His people's sin,
 Wrath-storms, shroud the Saviour in.
 Then, with ashes on Her head,
 The Church, hears Commination said ;
 And Her longest Fast begins
 While She mourns Her children's sins.

Follows She, Her suffering Head
 Up the way the Spirit led,
 Sees the angels thither sent,
 Sees the succour which they lent.
 Watches Him with tearful eye,
 As the last great grief draws nigh,
 In the dark, mourns for Her Sun
 Praying, till the Victory's won.

Tighter still, She holds Her breath
 When She knows Him doomed to death !
 Then a tiny gleam of light
 Comes thro' swift approaching night,
 Palm-boughs wave, and voices sing
 Sweet Hosannahs to their King.
 Then, e'en faint reflection goes
 Nothing now is left, but woes !

Nearer, comes the Red-Sea tide
 Rolling o'er Sin's desert wide ;
 And the awful hour is near,
 When, amid the jest and sneer,
 Criminals on either side,
 Christ the Lord, is *Crucified* !
 Kneels She, in the Sacred Place,
 Gazing at the anguished Face :
 Till the bell-notes over head,
 Tell the Church—Her GOD is dead !

She has heard the piercing cry
 She has seen the failing Eye :
 Now she knows it all is o'er
 Pain and grief He feels no more.
 Sadly clasping Mary's hands
 At the Master's grave She stands ;
 Weeping, mid the weeping flowers,
 As flit by, the hushful hours.

Fears She not : nor thinks all lost
 Tho' so storm, and tempest toss ;
 For, above the fiercest wave,
 Shines the Star of Faith, He gave.
 Fixed upon the Eastern skies
 Are Her true, and loving eyes ;
 Hoping, till the Night be gone,
 Waiting, till the Day-Spring dawn.

Hark ! faith has not watched in vain !
 Hark ! the Alleluia strain !
 As the countless, Faithful throng
 Shout their joyous Easter song.
 And the Church sings, Christ arisen,
 Bursting Death's fast closed prison !
 Lives He now, Who once hath died ;
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified !
 Now the Church, Her praises sweet,
 Flings before Her Master's Feet,
 Who hath crushed the Serpent down,
 Who hath won for Her, a crown.

Anthems of triumphant joy
 All Her thoughts and words employ,
 For She sings sweet hymns of mirth,
 All the time Her Lord's on Earth.
 Then, when every Victory's won,
 Then when all His work is done,
 Down the high-way of the skies,
 See ! a cloudy chariot flies.

— Comes it nearer, nearer still,
 Reacheth it the Olive Hill ;
 Raiseth it the Victor King
 On its bright and golden wing ;
 And it bears the Lord away,
 To His Home of Endless Day ;
 To the State He had laid down,
 To His Sceptre, Throne and Crown.

Left behind, the Church remains,
 Listening to celestial strains ;
 Gazing upward to the skies,
 High above Her tear filled eyes.
 Glorious is Her vision grand,
 Of the azure-curtained Land,
 Where, in bright and regal state,
 Glittering ranks, for Jesus wait.

Pearly gates are folding back,
 Swiftly o'er their jewell'd track,
 Lo ! Christ enters Heaven again,
 Enters Heaven to live and reign !
 Lo ! He treads the golden street
 With those conquering, pierc'd Feet,
 And the Church beholds Her King,
 Throned, where mystic Seraphs sing.

Sings She gladly ; tho' once more
 Standeth She outside the door ;
 Tho' Her King has gone away
 'Tis His Coronation Day.

All Redemption's work is done
 All Devotion's race is run.
 Quite is paid transgression's sum,
 Soon the Comforter, shall come ;
 On His Mission from the King,
 Jesu's gift of Peace to bring.

Then, in patient faith and prayer
 Kneels She at Christ's Alter Stair,
 Till His Baptism of Fire
 Satisfieth Her desire.
 God the Father gave the Son.
 Christ Redemption's task hath done.
 God the Spirit—Holy Dove
 Doth *apply* Their work of love.

Grandly, in Her peaceful Fold
 Hath the Church Her story told.
 Of the Father, of the Son,
 Of that Spirit, with Them One.
 ONE in all Salvation's Scheme.
 ONE in purpose to Redeem.
 Now, when all the tale is done ;
 Now, when time hath fully run,
 Gathers She the Equal Three
 In Her Feast of Trinity.

Then, Her Year of Doctrine o'er
 Lifts She pebbles from the shore.
 Scattered truths from out the sea,
 Of the 'Truth's great mystery.

Which, free from all earthly stains,
Evermore the Church contains.
Casket is She, fair and True,
Holding Treasures old, and new. *

OLD AND NEW.

Hark the chimes so clear and bright
 Ringing thro' the frosty night ;
 Gay carillons, wild and free
 Merry, merry minstrelsy.

Yet, to some their tones are drear ;
 For they mourn a passing year ;
 And, in realms of fancy's power,
 At this solemn midnight hour,
 We can hear the "Aged" speak,
 In a voice, sad, low, and weak.

"What! ring out the old, old Year,
 With the joy-bells, loud and free ?
 And fire them o'er his drooping head—
 Nay, but that should not be.
 Do ye joy o'er the grave of a friend ?
 Do men laugh o'er the last sad rite ?
 Do they gaze in the grave in mirthful mood,
 And joyfully leave him to night ?
 Then be grave with a dying year ;
 For the time mis-spent you should weep ;
 For the moments are few, I can give to you,
 I am *dying*—in Times great Deep !
 But ring in the young New Year,
 That Virgin so pure, and fair.
 Griefs will lie hid beneath Her veil,
 But joys may be also there.

Clash out, and welcome Her in,
With Her icy coronet clear,
Her snowy robe, and angel brow,
The guileless and glad—New Year."

Then that voice so sad and low
Died away, as fell the snow ; .
And from out the lofty spires,
Pealed the chimes 'neath starry fires.
Then, with soundless step and frail,
Folded in Her glitt'ring veil ;
With a smile upon Her cheek,
Which doth royalty bespeak,
As a Queen of ancient name,
Whom to welcome great men came,
Shone on by the star-light clear,
Swept, to *Time* the Virgin Year.

THE VESPER BELL.

Hark ! the Vesper-bell is ringing
 Softly thro' the glowing air
 Calling o'er the crowded City
 All the Church's sons to prayer
 Bell-notes holy
 Chiming slowly,
 Tremble in the violet shades.

From the mountains to the westward
 Fadeth out the sunset smile ;
 Labour's hours have all been counted,
 Now, the toilers rest awhile,
 As the bell-chime,
 And the night time,
 Both together soothe the earth.

Weary disappointed workers,
 Who have all day toiled in vain
 For that peace, and satisfaction,
 Which no man can here obtain :
 Angels call thee,
 Gently, sweetly,
 To thy Father's House of Prayer.

Ever deepening falls the twilight,
 Shading in the Grave-yard dim;
 And the bell's glad invitation,
 Yieldeth to the Nuns' sweet hymn,
 Which all holy,
 Telleth solely,
 Of the One, they call their King.

Then when all around, the darkness
 As a pall, doth hide the Night,
 Pray they of their Heavenly Master
 To endow them with His Light,
 Which shall never,
 Thro', "for Ever,"
 Fade or wane, or pass away.

Hark! the Vesper Bell is chiming,
 Come, obey its silv'ry voice,
 In the old Cathedral chanting,
 With the angel-choir, rejoice
 That at Evening,
 Time redeeming,
 Thou may'st to thy Maker bow.

THE ANGELUS.

Angelus, Angelus ! out from the Tower,
 Striketh thy peal at the Prime-office hour,
 Saying, "Hail to the Woman, whom God hath blest!"
 From the North and the South, the East and the West.

Angelus, Angelus ! morning, is come ;
 Soundeth already the day's busy hum :
 Fill thou the ears of Earth's labouring Sons ;
 Tell of a rest where no toil ever comes.

Yes ! in the sweet, early freshness they kneel,
 As thro' the breeze floats that thrice triple peal ;
 All gazing upward with Faith's steady eye,
 Up to that home in the far distant sky.

Down thro' the ages there floats the strange word
 Which once by Mary, the Virgin was heard
 Their God for their *Saviour*, they bid men receive,
 That God was made *Man*, the Church bids them believe.

—
 Hark ! now the hot, dusty noon day is come,
 Over the City, whose bustle and hum
 Crush out the heart-joy, and weary the ear,
 Pealeth the Angelus, shrilly and clear.

Toil-worn and weary men, turn them aside
 To those calm havens the Church doth provide
 In the cool Chapels when hushed is the peal,
 Resting, and restful, the weary ones kneel.

Then once again, must they go to their toil,
 Merchants, and craftsmen, and tillers of soil ;
 But the bell-notes have told of a Land far away,
 Where rest, waiteth the Christian for ever and aye.

Look ! a bright sunset floods over the hill !
 See, how the valley lies smiling and still ;
 Homewards the peasants are wending their way,
 Evening is crowning a glorious day.

Down from the mountain a rivulet flows,
 Into a river, it spreads as it goes ;
 Emblem of Peace from the Fountain above,
 Rolling on to Eternity's Ocean, of Love.

Up in the mountain, still higher and higher,
 Standeth the Convent, with turret and spire ;
 Set far above all Earth's bustle and noise ;
 Out of the world, with its sin-cankered joys.

Out from the belfry of crumbling stone,
 Peal the strange bell-notes, with silvery tone ;
 And fill the bright air of the sunset hour,
 And speak to the heart with a mystic power.

Angelus ! Angelus ! Evening is come !
 Gone is the day with its bustle and hum ;
 Sunset and Shadows together are here ;
 Nigh draws the night with its darkness and fear.

Toll then, Sweet Angelus ! telling of Him,
Glory enthroned 'mid the bright Seraphim,
But yet, Who was once the pure Virgin's Child
The gentle, the sinless, the undefiled.

Angelus ! Angelus ! Angel's wings,
Are spread o'er the earth while thy story rings
And she lieth at peace in the Sunset's flush,
As they sweep thro' the sky in the Evening's hush.

List to the Angelus ! bow and adore,
As its clarion peals from the belfry hoar ;
Worship thy Saviour, the Virgin's Son,
Worship the Trinity, Three in One.

BENEDICTION.

Now the Convent bell is pealing
 Sharp and clear, o'er vale and hill
 And the hush of awe is stealing
 O'er my mind, and heart, and will

'Tis the bell for Benediction ;
 Come my soul, and meet thy Lord ;
 Humbly, meekly, with conviction
 Thou dost thus obey His Word.

Jesu ! Lily of the Vale !
 Jesu ! Rose of Sharon fair !
 Jesu ! Lord of Angels, hail !
 Listen to our humble prayer.

Jesu, Lord, Thou art so near
 In Thy Sacrament of love ;
 Calm Thou every throbbing fear,
 As Thou shonest from above.

While the winter sunlight sinks,
 And the wind sobs weird and still ;
 While my spirit beauty drinks,
 Chase Thou far, all thoughts of ill.

Jesu, King of beauty ! Hail !
 To Thine Altar comest Thou
 'Neath the silv'ry, glistening veil ;
 And our knees before Thee bow.

Solemn chant, and sweetest song,
Sing we now, at Thy fair shrine ;
Far away from Earth's vain throng,
Lord, we own *no* will but Thine.

Prostrate now we Thee adore
Bless us ! save us—King of Heaven
Lord, we long to love Thee more—
Thou *hast*—Benediction given !

“The Lord turned—and looked upon Peter.”

I followed in the wake of that fierce crowd,
And saw a long, wide Hall, but dimly lit
With smoky glare from torch, and cresset lamp ;
And I pressed on more closely ; for a throng
Stood round about, and some among it said,
That JESUS CHRIST, the one of Nazareth
Who stirred sedition thro’ the country’s length
Was soon to stand in that drear Judgment Hall,
And take His trial, for treason unto Cæsar.
He now—they said—was safe within the care
Of those whose happiness it was the sway of Cæsar
To protect ! and who evidenced their zeal
In manners manifold, and passing strange.
Then the crowd came pressing yet more closely
Round about me ; so I went within a house
Among the soldiery ; who having made
A fire of coals—for chilly was the night—
Stood idly warming them thereat, and talking
'Mid the flickering, ruddy light, of Him
Who was a Prisoner forlorn within.
A motley group it was : for all classes,
Ages, and conditions were among it.
And over them the leaping fire-flame flash'd
With fitful gleam and strange, which glinted o'er
The polished armour of the Roman Guard,
And o'er the white plum'd, gold decked helm of him
To whose commands, a hundred warriors bowed.

He was a calm-brow'd man, who moved along
 With proud, almost patrician stateliness
 Amid that babbling multitude. He was
 Centurion of the Guard; and waited there
 Until the Governor should come, and bid
 The Criminal before his judgment bar.

Hark! hark! the chariot wheels! With a great rush
 The multitude swept past me, to that room
 Where JESUS CHRIST and *Pilate*, were to meet each other.
 I did not go: I let them surge away,
 And leave me by the glowing ember's side
 Among a few—of maidens and the like
 Belonging to the household of the priest.
 I did not want to go; I knew the man,
 And could not bear to see Him stand, and take
 With meek and sweet submissiveness
 A sentence harsh from those He had not harm'd.
 Who wronged He at any time? Not one!
 And as I stood without and heard the murmur
 Surging thro' the curtained arch of Pilate's Hall,
 I thought regretfully of those sweet times
 Which I had known since Jesus called me "Friend."
 I did not mean, all cowardly to have fled,
 When that mad host came out to take Him, led
 By that traitor who was devil, surely;
 But I felt distraught amid the uproar;
 And—altho' I meant it not—I fled,
 As did the rest of us—a craven set!
 Now as I think of all, and also think
 Of how awhile ago I stoutly swore
 Unflinching faithfulness to Christ my Lord,

Which should endure on, even unto death,
 I feel I must just enter yon dark hall
 And look once more upon that patient Face.
 Hush ! hush ! I hear some gossip saying low
 That the blind malice of the populace
 Will not content with e'en the life of Him
 Who is the dearest of Earth's dearest ones
 But seeks to yet ensnare the men who call Him
 Lord and Master, Friend and Benefactor ;
 And I see the glances of a damsle
 All intent on me.

* * * * *

The purple dome of Night is o'er the hills ;
 And in it burn, the rocking, trembling stars.
 Oh can it be, that past those stately skies.
 There is a Godhead Throne ? Or, can it be
 That He Who sits thereon will still forbear
 To strike me dead, in mine abominable sin ?
 Methinks I was possessèd awhile ago !
 For surely 'twas not *I* who towered aloft
 Amid that mocking crowd, and thrice denied my Lord !
He told me—long before this hideous night began—
 Satan desired, as wheat, to sift my soul ;
He told me, that before the cock should crow,
 I, three times should deny I ever knew Him !
 And I all hotly said—it could *not* be !
 PETER—should all the rest unfaithful prove—
 Would steadfast to his Lord, to *death* remain,
 And yet, at first when He in agony
 Was bow'd, I—fell asleep ! And next

When Judas kissed that pallid Cheek, and thus
 The Master show'd unto His enemies,
 And He was roughly led away to death
 I—turned and *fled!* and left Him all alone
 To meet the awful storm which shook His very Soul ;
 And now—I have indeed filled up the cup !
 As I stood listening by the fire-light, to
 Those voices mutt'ring angrily beyond,
 One said, *I* was a Galilean : that I knew the man.
 And I in haste and coward fear replied—
 —I know not what—Oh, Heaven, I know not what
 I only recollect as I stand here
 A shivering, guilty, humbl'd wretch
 Beneath the holy skies, that when with *oaths*
 I had three times—*three times*—denied the One
 Whom, at my very heart I lov'd so much,
 I heard amid the unbelieving hush,
 The shrill carillon of a cock peal forth.
 And then all fearfully I turned my head
 To glance towards that arch'd door
 Thro' which the angry voices from the Court,
 Were sounding in mine ears.
 The door stood partly open ; and close by
 Amid the arm'd, stalwart, Roman Guard
 There stood my Master ! All pale was He, with
 Agony and grief ; oppressed and drooping
 From the buffetings and scourgings He had borne,
 And yet, not ever had He answered back
 Or lifted up His eye-lids lest those lightning glances
 Flashing forth—the “ Truth,” had surely burnt
 And scathed those lying men, who charged Him falsely.

But oh ! He must have known that I had lied
Before high Heaven, and to sinful men.
He must have heard the cock crow, and been sure
That sound would strike most dismaly and sad
Upon my guilty heart ; for as all tremblingly
I glanced towards the hall, He lifted up His Head—
That bleeding, weary Head, and turned to look at me.
Oh ! what a look was that ! Those soft grey Eyes
So large, so kind, and filled with gentle power,
He, resting on my face, gazed full at me.
I felt I dared not meet them : but He willed
To catch my glance, and held me
Spell-bound to Him, in a sad, soul-embrace.
He was not angry ; for I saw the light
Of tender pity lying deeply down
In those sweet eyes ; and welling faintly up
As sunlight shimmers through a dream of heaven.
He was not scornful ; else the withering blaze
Of righteous indignation, had destroyed
The holy love-smile shadowing in His Face,
As moonshine gleameth purely o'er a mount of snow.
Oh no ! He, the All-pitiful, knew well
My sense of guilt had crushed me to despair
Had I not known, by Him I was—forgiven !
Ah yes ! e'en so : but yet, I could not bear
To feel that He I had so wronged, forgave me all !
And so I cower'd beneath that gaze divine ;
For His sweet loving-kindness broke my heart.
And I came out here, away from Him I'd wronged
To weep with bitterness beneath His stars.
Methinks I was possessed ! I trusted not

In that great strength, which cometh from above ;
But resting solely on myself, have trusted
To a broken reed, and fallen—low indeed !
Oh that look ! The skies are looking now
As He did then ;—and I can weep, and weep,
Amid this hushful solitude, and think on Him
Whom I have helped to sell to agony, and *death* !!

“ GO IN PEACE.”

“ Go in peace ; My peace I give ;
 The gift accept ; believe and live !
 Let My blessing fill thy heart,
 From paths of sin and woe, depart.

Peace, bestow I, from that source,
 Whence every blessing takes its course ;
 Peace, is of celestial birth,
 I AM, Who brought it down to earth.

I, the Prince of Peace am He
 Who freely giveth peace to thee ;
 Who, seeking Me thro' weary days,
 Hast found Me out, in Wisdom's ways.

Go in peace ! with sins forgiven !
 Go in peace, and think of heaven ;
 Where the weary are at rest—
 Where all humble souls are blest.

Thro' whose shining, glorious street,
 Which echoes to the angel's feet,
 Rising from 'neath the archéd Throne,
 PEACE, as a river—glideth on.

Mirrored in that placid stream
 The hues of Mercy's Rainbow gleam ;
 Sapphire, Ruby, Amethyst,
 Changing, like Opal's fiery mist.

Rippling thro' celestial fields,
 Moisture to fadeless flowers it yields,
 'Till, into the glassy sea,
 The River rolls eternally.

Peace is Mine : and I, her Lord,
 Her blessing, would to men afford ;
 That they may rest 'neath her white wing
 And pause, to hear the angels sing.

Peace, passing understanding's ken,
 Alike of angels, as of men ;
 Peace, God sent to all mankind,
 Shall soothe your troubled heart, and mind.

Then, go in peace : My peace I give.
 The boon accept, believe—and live !
 I, a Man of mortal birth,
 Have brought My Peace, from Heaven to Earth.

CHRISTMAS EVE—1868.

On Christmas Eve, the joy-bells ring ;
 On Christmas Eve, glad voices sing ;
 On Christmas Eve, we weave again,
 Gay wreaths, for God's own holy Fane.

Our Earth was lost, and drear, and cold :
 The sheep were wandering from the fold.
 Now Mary, comes ! Now Hope, is nigh !
 Sing ! Angels sing ! and men reply.

'Twas meet those Heralds should appear
 To weary Nature, weeping here :
 She had forgotten all her songs,
 She learns them now from Angel tongues.

Fair Mercy, led them from above,
 To sing Her hymns of sweetest love ;
 With flowers celestial in their hands
 To strew o'er Earth's bare, sunless lands.

Some Shepherds watching o'er their sheep,
 And guarding well their eyes from sleep,
 They only—'mid Earth's million sons
 They only saw, those, "shining ones."

A blaze of glory fills the night
 And looking up with dazzled sight,
 With startled brain, and blinding eye,
 See ! Choirs of Angels in the sky.

Hark ! silver song-notes peal afar,
 And echo from each listening star ;
 For Seraphs sang that anthem then,
 " Glory to God ! Good will to Men ! "

Men sing it now ! From countless choirs
 Ascends that song which never tires,
 Since Angel Voices sang to Earth
 Peace and goodwill at Jesu's Birth.

Now, bells peal thro' the wint'ry air
 And mingle with the chanted prayer ;
 While Choirs Celestial in the Sky,
 To glory's antiphon reply.

But of the notes are none so sweet,
 As those, Saints breathe, at Jesu's Feet :
 When, at His Will, at midnight wild
 They take His Body undefiled.

Hush'd are the voices from each stall
 Still burn the tapers, silent all,
 When in His Sacrament of Love,
 Jesus comes to them from Above.

Then !— Bid clash out the Christmas bells,
 Hark ! how the mighty Chorus swells ;
 Oh clap your hands, and sing with mirth,
 Glory to God ! and Peace on Earth.

“ REQUIEM.”

Toll out the bell ! they've laid him down to sleep,
Where tinted glories fall, and shadows weep.

Toll out the bell ! let the sad sound float on,
And tell that Church's woe, whose Chief is gone !

Gone ! from amid the militant below,
Gone ! tho' our Church's Helm, doth need him so.

Jesus the Captain, Who His hosts doth cheer,
Came down to walk amid His warriors here.

And as the ranks of soldiers passed His sight,
Saw He one veteran there, with shield so bright,

With robes blood-whitened like to virgin snow,
Whose heart burned with such fire, of heavenly glow,

That the Great Captain called him hence away ;
“ Arise my love ! and come to endless Day.”

And England's Primate laid earth's armour down,
Resigned the Crosier, and put on the crown.

And he has passed to sweet and beauteous rest,
And sleepeth now, the Cross above his breast.

Toll the great bell ! a National Church doth pay.
Deep homage for her Chieftain gone away.

Gone ! to the Land where bloom life's fadeless flowers,
Gone ! from the Church o'er whom a storm cloud lowers.

People and Priesthood, call him "Christian," man ;
Now living 'mid that Light, no eye may scan.

Toll ! and we leave him here to solemn night ;
Leave him encircled, by the Guards of might.

Sleep ! like a halo hovereth o'er his head ;
Rest ! as a benison is on him shed.

Gently the Church doth fold him in Her Arms,
Safely his dust will keep, thro' all alarms.

Until the angels tell Her, that Her watch is o'er ;
Until that Morning breaks, whose night comes never more.

Until, the Cross returning, lights the skies !
Until, amid "All Saints," this saintly one shall rise.

Come then, and leave him, he, the Church's son ;
Fought are his battles, and his victories won.

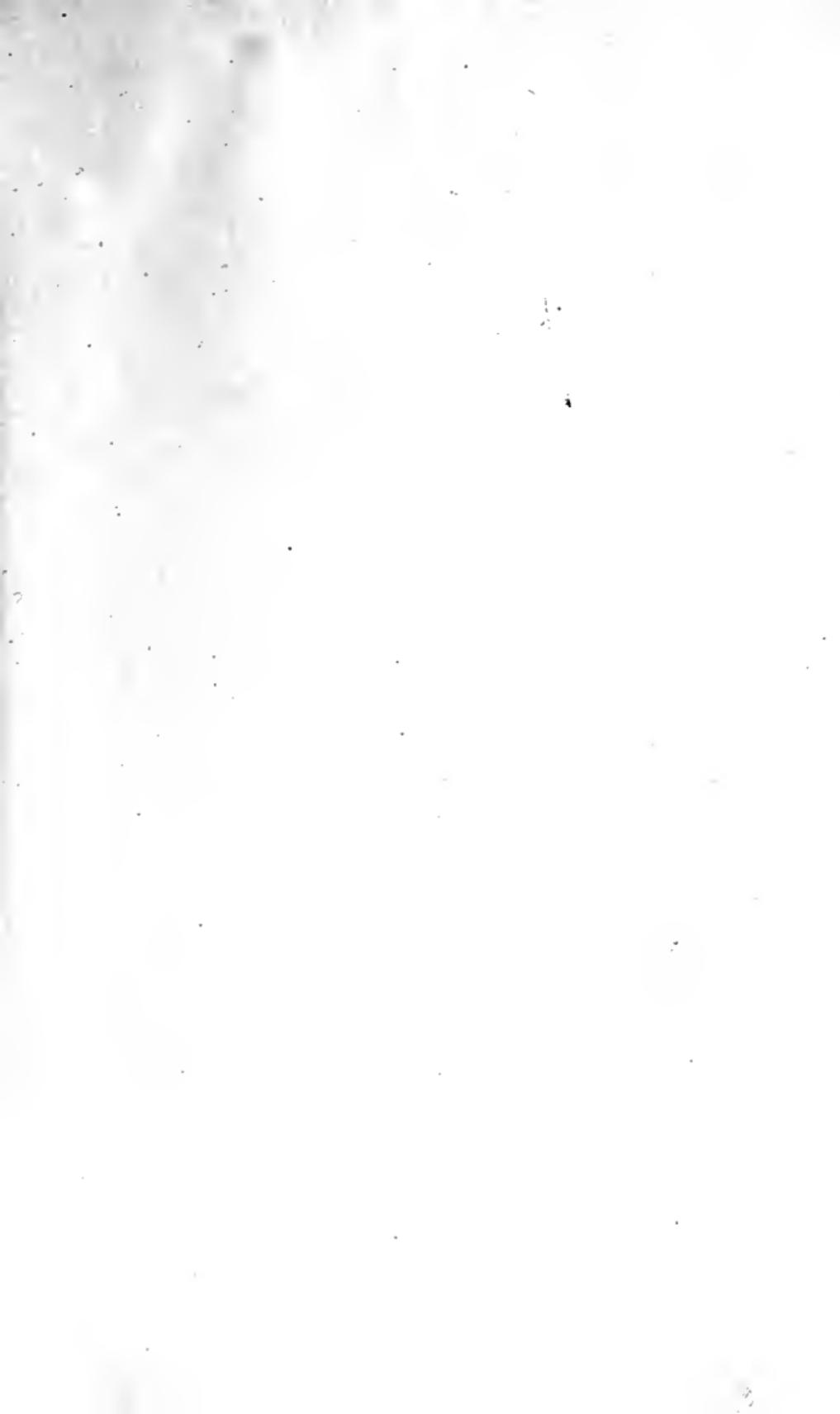
He is not lost ; only just gone before ;
And we shall follow when our work is o'er.

And in that Creed, which Christians love so well,
We, of "Communion" with the Saints, do tell.

Then, tho' indeed, we cannot see him now,
He in the *one* Communion still doth bow ;

He has but passed thro' yon dim Chaneel Arch,
While we, up the long Nave, still slowly march.





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